

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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HALVES.

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AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "A PERFECT TREASURE," "AT HER MERCY," &c. &c.

CHAPTER IX. THE STORY OF UNCLE ALEC.

WHEN, after dinner that evening, we were all assembled in the drawing-room, Mrs. Raeburn, adopting the style of the sister to Scheherazade in the Arabian Nights, thus addressed her guest and brother-in-law:

"Mr. Alexander, if you have nothing better to do to-night, I hope you will not refuse to relate what happened to you after quitting Richmond."

"By all means, my dear madam," returned he, good-naturedly, "and the more readily since it will give me the opportunity to relate the history of a little present or two, which I have brought with me for the acceptance of my dear friends here, and which would have but little value save for the story which attaches to them."

Mrs. Raeburn's countenance, which had risen at the word "present," here fell again, for "association" was not so attractive to her practical mind as intrinsic worth; yet she contrived to say, in her highly principled way, that nothing had been further from her mind than the personal advantage of herself or of those belonging to her, in making her request, and that it had been suggested to her solely by the natural interest which she felt in Mr. Alexander's wanderings.

"You are very good to say so, madam," returned the old man, with a bow, "and I will not so ill repay you as to linger over that part which, whatever its attractions

for myself, may easily seem tedious to those who listen to me. My patron at Richmond, then, finding that I could reside no longer under his roof with any pleasure to myself, by reason of the public dislike with which I was regarded, and at the same time filled with personal gratitude towards me for having rid him of so dangerous a neighbour as Redman, procured me employment elsewhere. A cousin of his had emigrated to Peru, where, in the neighbourhood of Cuzco, he had a large grazing farm, where herds of cattle were reared, chiefly for the supply of bulls for the Lima bull-ring, and this gentleman being in need of an English steward, Mr. Pittsburg recommended me for the situation. I gladly accepted his offer, and taking my credentials with me, I travelled by way of Panama to Lima, and thence on mule-back, the only means of transit across the Cordillera of the Andes. In that district inns are (or were at that period) utterly unknown, but the most unbounded hospitality is on every hand to be met with. If each householder had been my brother, like yourself, Mark, I could not have been received with greater kindness. The magnificence of the mountain scenery, the glorious climate, the richness of the pasture lands, the fertility of the ravines and valleys, and, above all—though my then ignorance of Spanish placed me at a great disadvantage in this respect—the legends of past greatness and splendour that environ almost every locality in the country of the Incas, gave to every day of my journey the aspect of a gorgeous dream. In the recesses of that Sierra, as doubtless you all have heard, lay concealed the inexhaustible and far-famed treasures of Peru."

"And has nobody found them yet?" inquired Mrs. Raeburn, pertinently.

"Some have been found, madam, but most of them will doubtless remain undiscovered for all time. The fact of their existence was in each case intrusted to as few persons as possible, and those persons being poor Indians, whose lives—entirely at the mercy of their Spanish masters—have too often been sacrificed, when their secret perished with them."

"What on earth did they go burying their money for, instead of putting it in the bank?" inquired the attorney, whose historical knowledge was by no means on a par with his commercial experience.

"Well, Mark, there were two reasons. In the first place, the Indian belief in a place of future rewards and punishments, combined with their loyalty, led to the burial of vast treasures along with their dead princes. Moreover, the vast wealth of the temples had been in many cases hidden in a similar manner, in order to escape the cupidity of the Spaniards. Even the mouths of silver mines were stopped up, and all traces of their existence done away with, so that the hated conquerors should reap no advantage from them; nor could the pain of torture nor the fear of death wring the secret from those who held it. The Spanish yoke had not been thrown off at the time of my arrival, and I could tell you tales, dear madam," said brother Alec, addressing Mrs. Raeburn, gravely, "of such fiendish cruelty and oppression inflicted by these foreign conquerors, as would cause you not only to abhor them as the fiend himself, but to regard the system under which alone such deeds were possible—that of slavery—as hateful in the sight of God and man."

It was evident enough that "Uncle Alec" was greatly moved, so Mrs. Raeburn, instead of debating the matter, which she doubtless felt much impelled to do, framed what she conceived to be a conciliatory reply, as follows:

"Well, well, Mr. Alexander, I have no doubt there is something to be said on both sides of the question."

"I can tell you what is to be said on one side, madam," continued Uncle Alec, sternly; "that between the time of the Incas and the year of Liberty in 1828—that is, in three hundred years—the native population of Peru was reduced by five millions of souls, in consequence of their compulsory mine service and its hideous conditions of starvation, stripes, and

darkness. Nay, I can tell you one crime of my own knowledge, which was committed upon a man, himself a Spaniard, and from the lips of whose son I myself heard it. There was a certain poor man, named Don Pedro Giron, who was a physician, and who, quite contrary to the usual habit of his countrymen, had endeared himself to the Indians by acts of benevolence and the gratuitous practice of his art; and having by his skill saved a young Indian boy from death, the grateful father disclosed to his benefactor the existence of a certain mine in Pinco. The Spanish viceroy envying him his newly-acquired wealth, cast him into prison, upon some groundless charge of fomenting rebellion among the natives, and refused to forward his appeal to the Spanish king, even though he offered to give him a bar of pure silver daily while the ship went from Callao to Europe and back, a voyage that lasted at that time six months. The tyrant, however, overreached himself by his own cruelty, since Don Pedro died under the sufferings inflicted on him, and never disclosed the whereabouts of the source of his wealth."

"And what became of it eventually? I mean the mine," inquired Mrs. Raeburn. "Was it ever discovered?"

"It was never publicly made known, madam," answered brother Alec, drily, "though I have seen it with these eyes."

A total silence followed upon this statement; even volatile John Raeburn appeared fascinated by the attraction of his uncle's words and manner; while the rapt attention which his hostess bestowed upon them would have been a compliment to the best talker in Europe.

"There is more than one curious story connected with that Pinco mine," continued brother Alec, as though in acknowledgment of our interest in the topic, "less widely known than that connected with poor Pedro Giron. A certain Franciscan monk, who was a gambler, had done some good service to a native, who, in return, presented him with a large bag of silver ore. His cupidity was at once excited, and taxing the Indian with the knowledge of a concealed mine, he besought him to let him behold it, promising the most solemn secrecy, and that he would never revisit it upon his own account. The Indian assented, and accompanied by two others, blindfolded the monk, and carried him up by night into the mountains, where he eventually showed him a

subterranean gallery sparkling with silver ore. On his return the cunning monk loosened his beads one by one, and dropped them on the road, with the intention of retracing it by means of them; but in the morning the Indian returned with a whole handful of them, and the significant remark, 'Good father, you have dropped your breviary;' so that he had to keep his word in spite of himself."

"And may I ask, dear Mr. Alexander," observed our hostess, in her most conciliatory manner, "how it was that you yourself contrived to gain admission to this wondrous mine?"

Brother Alec here grew very grave.

"Indeed, madam, I fear I must keep that secret, as poor Don Pedro kept his, inviolable. The circumstances, too, were, after all, of a private nature, and had no such striking features about them as belonged to the cases I have mentioned."

"There was a woman at the bottom of it, I'll lay ten pounds!" cried the attorney, boisterously. The presence of his brother at the dinner-table had enabled him to make more free with the sherry than was usually possible; though, on the other hand—perhaps out of the fear of losing that relative's good opinion—the brandy bottle had not made its appearance at dessert. "Come, Alec, I can see by your face that I have hit the blot."

In Peru backgammon was probably unknown, and the metaphor thus drawn from that amusement may therefore have been unintelligible to one from whose memory the fireside games of his own country must long ago have faded out. Over Alec's brow passed the first cloud that I had seen shadow it, as he replied: "There was no blot in the case, Mark, I am thankful to say; though you are right in so far that a woman was concerned in it—the brightest and loveliest creature that ever blessed earth with her presence, and who, having departed from it, has robbed life, for me, of all its charms."

His voice had such an exquisite pathos in it, infinitely more touching from its welling through those white-bearded lips, that I heard John Raeburn mutter pitifully, "Poor old buffer!" and saw the tears rise in Gertrude's eyes. Alec, whose glance had turned towards her while he spoke the last sentence, as though to a quarter where he could count on sympathy, saw them also. "I had loved before, it is true," continued he, addressing her in a

gentle apologetic tone, "but Fate had long separated me from the object of my boyish passion. I felt no sting of conscience, cousin Gertrude, when I married my Indian bride."

"Indian bride!" ejaculated Mrs. Raeburn, like an echo, shocked. "Were such matches usual in Peru, Mr. Alexander?"

"Unhappily, madam, they were not. This girl, who had the blood of the greatest of the Incas in her veins, would not by some have been deemed worthy to be allied to a penniless adventurer like myself, who chanced to be of European descent."

"Then this young woman was not penniless?" remarked Mrs. Raeburn simply; "that, of course, made the match much less unequal."

"Yes, madam; it made it a still greater condescension on her side. I was but a rich man's steward, well-to-do indeed by that time, but whose means, beside those which Inez Nusta could command, were contemptible indeed. When I married her, however, I am thankful to say, I knew not of their existence. I had heard that she was descended from the noblest family in Peru, and one which had at one time been its rulers, but I little suspected that she was their heiress. Her father saw me woo and win her, like a man of honour, though I was of the white-skinned race, and when I married her, he, out of gratitude, disclosed to me that he owned the silver mine in Pinco, and had inherited those buried treasures of the Huatanay, the knowledge of whose hiding-place had entailed death and torture on so many of his race."

"Would it be a breach of confidence, Alec, to tell us what was the Huatanay?" inquired the attorney, his native humour, which still occasionally manifested itself in spite of his wife's depressing sway, being doubtless stimulated by these disclosures of his brother's prosperity.

"The Huatanay is a river, beneath whose channel, it had always been whispered, lay somewhere hidden the golden fittings of the Temple of the Sun at Cuzco, which the Spaniards had found stripped of its splendours. They had plundered the shrine of Pachacamac, in the neighbourhood of Lima, of its enormous riches, the contributions of ten generations of worshippers; they had stripped its doors of their golden plates, and its ceilings of their precious stones, and out of its silver ornaments had even paved a road for

miles for the triumphant passage of their viceroy; but with the temple at Cuzco the natives had been beforehand with them. Its central door and massive cornice were said to have been of virgin gold; the Sacred Sun, in whose honour the edifice had been reared, was made of the same metal, studded with emeralds and turquoises, and shone like its namesake in the firmament; its vases of gold, supposed to represent the tears shed by that luminary, stood filled with sacrificial first-fruits on its costly floor; but none of these ever gladdened the greedy eyes of Pizarro or De Castro."

To behold Mrs. Raeburn at that moment was a commentary on the speaker's words such as is rarely indeed supplied to text. I had somewhere read of a miser, whose pulse would rise to fever quickness at the mention of any large sum of money; and it really seemed, to judge by the eager and hungry looks of our hostess, that he had found his parallel in her. At the mention of the silver mines her countenance had exhibited a force of expression of which I should have deemed it utterly incapable, but while she listened to the catalogue of these golden splendours, it had become positively eloquent with rapacity and greed. Uncle Alec, however, saw nothing of this; his thoughts were rapt in the topics on which he was discoursing, and his eyes, fixed straight before him, were evidently regarding a far other scene than that around him. He looked up, like one aroused from a dream, when Mrs. Raeburn inquired, with earnest vehemence:

"And do you mean to say, dear Mr. Alexander, that you yourself beheld these wondrous treasures, and handled all those precious things with your own fingers?"

"I handled some, madam, and saw them all," replied he, quietly. "If proofs be needed of what indeed may easily seem to be a gorgeous romance, I possess them here." He took from his pocket a leather bag, and out of it some articles carefully wrapped up in leather. "Here are three images of various size," said he, "yet very literally worth their weight in gold, since they are gold. Their workmanship is not such as we are accustomed to admire in Europe; yet I doubt not, independent of their intrinsic worth, these weird fantastic figures, so many ages old, would have a value in the eyes of antiquarians equal to the best products of Grecian or Italian art."

"Are you sure it is really gold?" asked Mrs. Raeburn, with a voice that fairly trembled with emotion, as she took the largest of the images into her hand.

"I am quite sure, madam," answered brother Alec, smiling. "If it were counterfeit, I should not venture, as I do, to beg your acceptance of it."

"Why, this must be worth a matter of a hundred pounds!" ejaculated Mrs. Raeburn, forgetting, in her intense appreciation of its value, to acknowledge the gift itself.

"I don't know as to that, madam," returned he. "I only know that you are very welcome to it. Brother Mark, here is one for you, which I am sure you will value for my sake, even if you have no love for antiquities. Cousin Gertrude, this is but a little one, but its size does not typify the affection with which I regard you for your dear mother's sake. I only wish I had brought more, that no one here should have been empty-handed," and the old man looked at John and me with quite a distressed air.

"I am sure you have been more than generous enough already," observed our hostess, regarding her costly present much as some devotee might have done, in whose eyes it had been a genuine divinity. "It is not to be expected that you should have burthened your personal luggage with many such articles. You turned most of the property of this kind into a more portable form, doubtless, before you left the land of the Incas?"

"Indeed I did not, madam; long before I quitted Cuzco there was happily no occasion for any man to conceal the wealth which he had honestly come by. The bulk of what I possessed was in bars of silver, for which, as I was told, I could get a larger sum at the Mint in London than from the bankers in Lima."

"And what an enormous weight it must have been, Mr. Alexander!"

"It was certainly very heavy, madam; indeed, my chief difficulty lay in getting a strong-box to carry it, and sufficiently powerful tackle to convey it on board; the ship was in deep water, and if a handle had broken away, or a chain snapped, I must have wished 'good-bye' to what, even in Peru, was considered a considerable fortune."

"But the handles stood fast, and the chains held, I trust, Mr. Alexander?"

"They did so, madam; and the box lies at my agents' in London."

Not another question did Mrs. Raeburn put to her brother-in-law, after this interesting point had been so satisfactorily settled; but Gertrude, who sat beside him, had much to ask concerning his Peruvian life, to which he very willingly replied. His description of the country with its splendid scenery, its thickets of mollé trees, its noble fuschias covered with crimson flowers, its roadways carpeted with heliotropes and blue and scarlet salvias, had a peculiar charm for her, to whom the pleasures of the garden were an unfailing delight; nor did her interest fail when he spoke of his duties at the cattle farm, and of his gradual acquisition of an independence. Presently he dropped his voice, so that Gertrude alone could hear him, but in the gentle and sympathising expression of her face, it was easy for me at least to read that he was discoursing of his Indian bride, whom he had wooed in his far-back youth, and won to find her a richer prize than all her unlooked-for wealth, only to lose her at last for ever.

ENGLISH CATHEDRALS.

ELY.

THE old etymologists, who were easily satisfied, decided that the name of this island in the Cambridgeshire Fens was derived from the number of eels in which that damp corner of England abounded; but later and riper scholars have traced the word to the Saxon Hely (willow), the indigenous tree of the last home of Hereward the Wake and Saxon freedom.

The first monastery at Ely was founded by that illustrious Saxon princess and saint, Etheldreda, daughter of a king of the West Angles, who married a Saxon nobleman, and had the Isle of Ely settled on her in dower. On his death Etheldreda married Prince Egfried, son of Oswig, King of Northumberland. After a year at court the princess resolved to abandon the world and her husband, and entered the monastery of Coldingham. Importuned and pursued by her royal husband, the queen took refuge on a cliff, and, as Bede says, was preserved from her pursuers by a sudden inundation of the sea. It is also said that one day, as she slept in a by-road, her pilgrim staff, stuck in the ground beside her, took root and budded. Once established at Ely, the princess resolved to rebuild an old church of King Ethelbert's foundation at Crathdune, but finding a convenient eminence

nearer the river, she began the monastery there, Bishop Wilfrid, her great adviser, furnishing the plan. Three princesses were among her nuns, and Bede tells us she wore only woollen, ate only once a day, except on the great festivals, and never returned to bed after the matins at midnight. She died praying for the sisters of her order. Sixteen years after her death her body was disinterred, placed in an old Roman marble coffin found at Cambridge, and removed to Ely, where it wrought many miracles.

In 870, Hubba, the Dane, enraged at the death of his brother Tulba at the sack of Peterborough, broke into the Etheldred's monastery, slew all the monks and nuns, stripped and burnt the church, and plundered the town. When King Edgar restored peace and united England, he bestowed lands and a charter on the monks who restored Ely. He also gave them three villages and an annual donation of "ten thousand eel fishes." It was in the reign of Brithnoth, the first abbot of Ely, that he and his monks carried off by stratagem from Durham church the incorrupt body of St. Withburga, a younger sister of St. Etheldreda, and reinterred it at Ely. This abbot was at last murdered by order of King Edgar's cruel widow, Elfrida, who also assassinated her son-in-law Edward, at Corfe Castle, to make way for her own son, Ethelred.

In the reign of Elsin, the second abbot, the church at Ely was largely enriched by the great gifts of an unhappy Saxon nobleman named Leofwin, who, in a fit of passion, had beaten his mother to death. His eldest son, by the Pope's advice, became a monk at Ely; and at the south side of the church, which he enlarged, he built an altar to the Virgin, with a jewelled throne and altar, and an image as large as life. It was in this abbot's time that Duke Brithnoth, son of King Edgar's bravest chieftain, slain by the Danes after some very hard fighting at Maldon, in Essex, was buried at Ely. On his way to give battle to "the proud invader," Brithnoth had halted at Ramsey Abbey, in Huntingdonshire, with his army, and expressed his readiness to dine. The abbot sent to say that dinner would be laid for the duke and seven friends.

"Tell my lord abbot," said the duke, pithily, "that I can't dine without my men, any more than I can fight without them." And, waving his hand to the drums, he marched on to Ely, where he was sump-

tuously and ungrudgingly feasted, and elected an honorary member of the chapter. The duke, generous as he was brave, gave the abbey on leaving fifteen manors, thirty marks of gold, and twenty pounds of silver, on condition that if he fell against the Danes they should bring off his body and bury it at Ely. Then, granting the hospitable church investiture of the lands, by the gift of two gold crosses, two slips of his jewelled robe, and a pair of finely-wrought gloves, he commended himself to their prayers and pushed on his banners for the coast. The Danes carrying off his head in triumph before they retired to their ships, the monks who came for the body modelled a head of wax. The duke's bones were found by Mr. Bentham, the historian of Ely, in 1769, in the north wall of the choir, but the head, as he predicted, was missing. The large bones proved the old Saxon historian to be right, who described Brithnoth of Northumberland as "Viribus robustus, corpore maximus." He must have measured six feet six; and his collar-bone was found to have been cloven by a Danish sword or axe. The duke's widow, the Lady Elfreda, also gave a manor and lands to Ely church, together with a gold chain and a curtain, worked with the most memorable acts of her stalwart husband's life.

At the fatal battle of Assendun, in Essex, where the Danes decimated the army of Edmund Ironside, several of the Ely monks, who had come to pray for the king's army, perished, and the relics of St. Wendreda, which they had carried with them, fell into the hands of Canute.

Of Abbot Leofric, who succeeded Leofwin, a curious legend is related. Archbishop Wulstan, the favoured minister of Kings Ethelred, Edmund, and Canute, coming one day to Ely to pray to the saints, was received in solemn procession, and was standing at the head of the monks, leaning on his pastoral staff, when it suddenly sank several feet in the ground. Struck with the omen, the good prelate pronounced it to be the evident will of heaven that his body should eventually rest in that very spot, and exclaimed, in the words of David: "This shall be my rest for ever; here will I dwell." And in that very spot he was buried in June, 1023. In 1102, when the east end of the cathedral was rebuilt, his body was removed and the coffin opened. The saint himself had decayed, but the cassock, with the archiepiscopal pall fastened to it with

gilded pins, the stole, and the maniple were perfect and entire, to the wonder of the always wondering monks.

Leofsin, the fifth abbot of Ely, made a rule to admit no monks who were not men of family and learning, so that the monastery of the Fens soon became very refined and exclusive. The abbot of Ely was at this time one of the three great abbots who held the office of chancellor for four alternate months every year. It was usual with King Canute to celebrate here the annual feast of the Purification of the Virgin. In his first passage hither by water, attended by Emma, his queen, and his nobles, the king was standing up in the boat, watching the church which they were approaching, when, from a great distance across the mere, they heard the voices of the choir singing their canonical Hours and praising God with one accord. The king, enchanted with the harmony, instantly broke into extempore Saxon song, calling on his nobles to join chorus. The monks of Ely long preserved this song, of which the first stanza alone has been preserved:

Dulce contraverant, monachi in Ely,
Dum Canutus Rex, navigaret prope ibi,
Nunc, milite, navigate proprius ad terram,
Et simul audiamus monachorum harmonium.

It was on this occasion that the poetical king renewed the charter of Edgar before the high altar and the tomb of Etheldreda.

On another visit the king found the river frozen and the way to Ely dangerous. Canute, wilful as kings generally are, declared he would cross in a sledge by Soham mere, if any one would lead the way. Brithmer, a sturdy fat native of the Isle, at once harnessed his sledge and set off, followed promptly by the king, who laughingly told his somewhat alarmed courtiers that a slight, active fellow like himself could surely go wherever such a fat carl could lead.

Emma, Canute's queen, who frequently accompanied her husband to this winter feast among the Fens, was fond of Ely, and gave the abbey many costly presents. Among others are especially mentioned a purple cloth, worked with gold and set in jewels, for St. Etheldreda; silken coverings for the other saints; a green pall, adorned with gold plates, for the altar on chief festivals; and a pall bordered with fine red linen, edged with gold fringe. On Canute's death, Earl Godwin, eager for Harold and the Danish succession, seized Prince Alfred, the son of King Ethelred,

who had a claim to the succession through the Saxon line, put out his eyes, and sent the poor lad to the monastery at Ely, where he soon after died, and was buried with due honours at the west end of the south aisle. Alfred's brother, the saintly Confessor, was educated at Ely, where his parents had offered him to God at the high altar, and it was a tradition with the monks that the royal boy used to delight to sing the psalms and godly hymns among the children in the cloister, and always held the abbey in high regard.

Abbot Wilfric, a kinsman of Edward the Confessor, disgraced himself by conveying to his brother Guthmund six estates belonging to the abbey, in order to qualify him for marriage with a lady of rank who had rejected him as too poor and not worth forty hides of land. Overwhelmed with shame at the reproaches of his monks, Wilfric left the abbey and died broken-hearted.

After the Conqueror's defeat of Hereward the Wake and the subjugation of the Isle of Ely by the Normans, a fine of one thousand marks was levied on the Ely monks, their treasure soon after confiscated, a Norman abbot appointed, and eighty knights' fees required from the abbey. Abbot Richard, the tenth abbot, who fell into disgrace at court for thrusting an impudent jester of the king's out of doors, completed the east end of Ely cathedral, and removed the bodies of the Saints Etheldreda, Sexburga, Ermenilda, and Withburga into the new church. Richard was the last abbot of Ely.

In the reign of Henry the First, Hervey, Bishop of Bangor, was appointed first Bishop of Ely, and obtained many privileges for his diocese. His successor, Nigellus, got into trouble with King Stephen, and had to pay a fine of three hundred marks by stripping the shrine of St. Etheldreda. This shrine, the very palladium of Ely, was shaped like a gable-ended house and plated with silver gilt. It shone with pearls and crystals, and was bossed with emeralds, beryls, and topazes. On one side of the shrine alone there were sixteen figures in relief, and more than two hundred precious stones. Yet Nigellus was generous to the church when better days came, and gave to Ely an alb, richly adorned with gold embroidered figures of birds and beasts; an amice, set with jewels; his court collar; and a cope, which bore the proud appellation of "Gloria Mundi." On Henry's accession, Nigellus became one

of the barons of the Exchequer, and his son Richard treasurer. This same bishop founded a hospital in Cambridge, which eventually became St. John's College.

Geoffrey Rodel, a friend of Becket's, and afterwards one of his persecutors, was the unworthy Bishop of Ely in the reign of Henry the Second. He repaired the Etheldreda shrine, and built part of the cathedral tower. His successor, William Longchamp, was the prelate who acted as regent for Richard the First during the Crusades. He was finally driven to France by John and the barons, and died at Poitiers, but his heart was brought to Ely.

Bishop Northwold, a good and charitable man, who was also a judge in Eyre and an ambassador, built the presbytery at Ely at an expense of five thousand three hundred and fifty pounds, added a spire to the great western tower, and rebuilt the episcopal palace. He was buried at the feet of Etheldreda, and, when that shrine was demolished, his effigy, being laid on Bishop Burnet's tomb, passed in time for the effigy of that bishop.

Hugh de Balsham, a bishop elected in the very teeth of Henry the Third, brought an action against the Master of the Temple in London for use of rooms in the Temple, and recovered his rights with two hundred pounds costs.

The next bishop, John de Kirkely, treasurer to King Edward the First, left his church at Ely the Bell Inn in London and nine cottages in Holborn, which afterwards became the town mansion of the bishops of Ely. The terms of his will were that one thousand marks should be paid to his executors for this bequest. Robert de Orford, a subsequent bishop, spent fifteen thousand pounds at Rome in securing his election, and at his death the Archbishop of Canterbury claimed his episcopal ring as due to him on the death of any of his suffragans. In the bishopric of John Hotham, the central tower of Ely fell at night, crushing the choirs; and the sacrist designed a new octagonal tower with dome and lantern, which was completed in twenty years, and cost two thousand four hundred and six pounds; the bishop completing the presbytery. He purchased for the see a vineyard, orchard, and several additional houses in Holborn.

A curious quarrel ensued between Thomas L'Isle, Bishop of Ely, in 1340, and Lady Blanch Wake, of Huntingdonshire. It was a dispute about boundaries, and ended in a farmhouse of the lady's being

burnt down, and one of her servants murdered, by a retainer of the bishop's. The king seizing the bishop's temporalities, the bishop fled to Avignon, where he got his enemies excommunicated, and soon after died. The bishops of Ely at this time held ten castles or manor-houses. Bishop Alcock, in 1486, finding the nunnery of St. Aldagund, in Cambridge, breaking every rule, dissolved it and turned it into Jesus College.

Bishop Redman, who died at Ely House, Holborn, in the reign of Henry the Seventh, rebuilt St. Asaph cathedral, which had been burnt down by Owen Glendower. It was the somewhat ostentatious custom of this prelate in his journeys at every town, if he halted even for an hour, to have a bell rung to summon the poor to partake of his charity. What a sure path to power the church was in the old times is strikingly proved by the career of Bishop West, the son of a Putney baker. He was chaplain to Henry the Seventh, and was employed by Henry the Eighth in numberless embassies and negotiations, including the marriage of the Princess Mary to old Lewis XII., and the great celebration of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. This bishop kept one hundred retainers, and relieved two hundred poor daily at his gate. He is buried at Ely, in a beautiful chapel near the presbytery built by himself. His motto, "Gratia Dei sum quod sum," is carved on a moulding running round the whole chapel. Bishop Thirlby, in Queen Mary's reign, must have been a gentle-hearted man, since he shed tears when he was compelled to publicly degrade Archbishop Cranmer before he went to the stake; however, he grew harder as the persecution went on, and sent three Protestants to the flames. Queen Elizabeth sent him to the Tower for refusing to take the oath of supremacy. He seems to have been a learned, good-natured, pleasant man, and when the lieutenant of the Tower, to his surprise, found five hundred French crowns stuffed in his purse and doublet, and asked him why he carried so much gold about with him, he replied, "I always love to have my friends about me." He was afterwards released, and sent with Boxall, his archdeacon, and Tunstal, the ex-bishop of Durham, to live in honourable durance with good Archbishop Parker at Lambeth, where they were kindly treated. He lived in that calm imprisonment ten years, and was then decently buried in Lambeth parish church.

In Elizabeth's time the bishops of Ely were cruelly robbed by the court. The queen actually kept the see vacant eighteen years, devoting some of the revenues, all of which she received, to relieve the distresses of the King of Portugal. She also, by an Act enabling her to alienate episcopal lands, seized manors and estates of the value of one thousand one hundred and thirty-two pounds, paying for them by probably nominal gifts of parsonages inappropriate to the value of one thousand one hundred and forty-four pounds, and she compelled Bishop Heton to lease Ely House in Holborn to Sir Christopher Hatton. The queen's imperious letter, threatening to unfrock the bishop if he refused the lease, is not of altogether certain authenticity. James the First said of Heton that most fat men, he noticed, preached lean sermons, but Heton larded his with learning. This good man is buried at Ely, and Mr. Gough observes that his effigy presents the only instance of a cope, ornamented with figures of the saints, on an episcopal tomb later than the Reformation. After Heton came that learned and good man, Bishop Andrews, a great favourite both of Elizabeth and James. His epitaph at St. Saviour's, Southwark, in which he is called "the universal bishop," begins:

Great Andrews, who the whole vast sea did drain
Of learning, and distilled it in his brain;
These pious drops are of the purest kind
Which trickled from the limbeck of his mind.

This worthy bishop was one of the principal translators of the Bible. He once entertained King James for three days at an expense of three thousand pounds, and Milton wrote a Latin elegy on his death. In this bishop's Articles of Inquiry (1611) he is anxious to know whether the ministers referred to wear wrought night-caps abroad and cut or pinkt apparel, and whether they renounce coat and cassock to flaunt in doublet and hose and light-coloured stockings.

Christopher Wren's uncle, Matthew Wren, was Bishop of Ely; he attended Prince Charles to Spain as chaplain, and was high in the confidence of that weak monarch, who, it is said, always sent him all anonymous letters written to Whitehall reflecting on his conduct. For protesting against his expulsion from the House of Lords, Wren was imprisoned fourteen years in the Tower, scorning all Cromwell's offers to release him. Lord Clarendon speaks of his great learning.

The texts of his sermons seem to have been often eccentric. When it was proposed to drain the Fens, a plan which it was thought would be injurious to Cambridge, he preached on the text, "Let judgment run down like waters and righteousness like a mighty stream." And on his return from the marriage trip to Spain he took a line from the Psalms, "Abyssus Abyssum vocat" ("One deep calleth another"). This bishop generously built a chapel for Pembroke Hall at his own charge, endowed it with a Cambridgeshire manor, and left it all his gilt plate. During his dreary confinement in the Tower this true Cavalier regularly instituted and collated to all preferments in his diocese, though of course without the power to complete the gift by the somewhat essential fact of possession. Bishop Gunning was an equally stout loyalist, and preached at Tunbridge, urging the congregation to contribute to the king's army. He wrote against the Covenant, and read the English liturgy all through the Commonwealth at Exeter House Chapel. He threatened to rebuild the choir at Ely, and left money to repave it. Francis Turner, the next bishop, one of the bishops who opposed James the Second, and yet refused to take the oaths to William and Mary, was turned off his episcopal throne in consequence. His successor, the good and learned Bishop Patrick, ended the long controversy about the Hatten usurpation of Ely House and the London property of the see, which had been built over during the Commonwealth, by accepting a fee farm-rent of one hundred pounds a year. The library of Moore, the next bishop, was purchased by George the First for six thousand guineas and given to the University of Cambridge. Bishop Fleetwood is chiefly known for having one of his Whig sermons burnt by the House of Commons in Queen Anne's reign, for which George the First afterwards rewarded him with the see of Ely. Bishop Butts, who had been chaplain to George the Second, was a descendant of the well-known physician of King Henry the Eighth. To Bishop Mawson, who encouraged the draining of Ely, which had been neglected, the cathedral owes the transfer of the choir to the presbytery at the east end. He also paved the new choir with black and white marble, and gave several stained-glass windows. So much for the bishops.

One of the most beautiful spots in Ely cathedral is the Lady chapel, a master-

piece of Gothic architecture, considered by many judges to be almost unrivalled. It was begun in Bishop Hotham's time (1321), a monk being overseer of the works, and the sub-prior the architect. It was completed in 1349. It is a tradition at Ely that John de Wisbech, the overseer, when digging the foundation with his own hands, discovered a brass pot full of money, which he devoted to the workmen's wages. It took twenty-eight years and thirteen weeks in building, and is thought to have been taken as a pattern for King's College chapel at Cambridge; though, as Fuller says, if that be so, the child hath outgrown the father. If this chapel had been placed at the east end, Ely cathedral would have been the largest in England. The chapel is a hundred feet in length, forty-six in breadth, and sixty feet high in the inside. It has neither pillars nor arches, and depends for its support entirely upon four single buttresses at each side, and the double buttresses at the corners. There were originally, inside and outside this chapel, one hundred and forty-seven images, besides small ones above the altar. Of the thirty-two figures formerly niched in the corner buttresses, not one is now left, so ruthless were the image-breakers of the Reformation and Commonwealth. The Duke of Lancaster gave one of the windows of this chapel; and from the table of accounts we discover that the glass painters received sevenpence a day, the gold leaf costing eightpence the hundred. Several bishops were buried in this chapel, and also John de Wisbech, the designer.

Bishop Alcock's chapel is disappointing, considering the bishop was the comptroller of the royal buildings to Henry the Seventh. It is what architects call overcharged with open-work pinnacles, canopies, and heavy pendants, that distract the eye from the general effect. There are a few niches, but the statues are all gone, and the effigy of the bishop has not escaped the destroyer. The tomb is adorned with vine-leaves; and the bishop's funny emblem, two cocks supporting a mitre, is still preserved. A little statue of Henry the Seventh was discovered by Mr. Bentham behind one of the pinnacles.

Bishop West's chapel, at the east end of the south aisle of the choir, is as beautiful as Alcock's is tasteless. It is a little grotto of sculpture, and crowded with niches. Fuller, in his *Worthies*, tells us that the master masons of James the First pronounced the work of this chapel to surpass

that of Henry the Seventh's chapel in elegance and finish. Every inch of the wall is covered with alto-rilievo, pedestals, niches, or canopies, as if Piety and Wealth had joined together to heap money on this memorial of the dead. There are upwards of two hundred niches, the canopies of which are carved into a lace-work of geometric ornament. The pendants of the ceiling are ingeniously formed by angels holding the arms of the see and those of Henry the Eighth. The bishop's humble motto, "*Gratia Dei, sum quod sum*," referring to some outbreaks of his at the university, and of which he repented, is conspicuously displayed over the entrance of the chapel and in several parts of the interior. The bosses of the roof are ornamented with the arms of the see and the founder, masks of cherubs, and grotesque designs, executed in white upon green and blue grounds. Many of the medallions are Raphaellesque and Holbeinesque; and the acanthus and the honeysuckle are frequently employed.

In Cromwell's time it was half resolved to pull down the cathedral, and sell the materials for the relief of sick and wounded soldiers and their widows and orphans. The oldest part of Ely cathedral is, unfortunately, the part most injured. Part of the Rufus and Henry the First work still stands in the eastern transept, but the north-west angle of the north arm of this transept fell in 1699, and was ruthlessly rebuilt by Wren, who inserted a Tuscan doorway, when, close by, the entrance of the Lady's chapel was there to guide him to a fitting model. The side aisle to the transept are peculiar to Ely, St. Mary's, Redcliffe, and Westminster Abbey.

The domed octagon, which is a triumph of Gothic genius, and is known to be the work of Alan Walsingham, the sacristan, in 1322, is as remarkable for its strength as for its daring originality and magnificence. The light clustered pillars which support the eight arches and the lofty and massive timber roof, have wreaths of flowers and foliage for capitals, and there are mutilated sitting figures over the keystones of the arches. The heads, upon which the canopies rest, represent Edward the Third and his queen, Bishop Hotham, Prior Cranden, the young priestly architect, and the long-haired master mason. On two capitals which support niches, the principal events of St. Etheldreda's life are represented in alto-rilievo. There is an open carved balcony below the lantern,

and outside a beautiful open stone balustrade, with light turrets, from whence the roof rises. The whole was erected, with prayer and praise, in twenty years of the glorious and warlike reign of Edward the Third.

In this English cathedral alone the bishop occupies the old abbot's seat, and the dean the prior's, Ely being the only abbey converted into a see. Mr. Bentham, when the new choir was built under his superintendence, proved that the original east end of the cathedral, at the presbytery, was circular, after the old Byzantine type.

The first great alteration in the plan of the cathedral, with its three rows of pillars and arches one over the other, was first modified by Bishop Northwold, who added six arches to the building in the light pointed style of Henry the Third. The choir roof is formed of chalk, about five inches thick, between fan-like ribs of free-stone.

Ely Porta, as the west gate of the cathedral-close is called, was built by Prior Buckton in the reign of Richard the Second, and therefore bears on its front the arms of the Confessor, who was Richard's patron saint. The prior held a monthly court here, and it was also the court of the abbey manors. The abbey, in the middle ages, boasted a prison, a court, a vineyard, an orchard, and a windmill. The vineyard, as the old monkish distich ran—

*Hæc sunt Elyæ, Lanterna, Capella Maris,
Ast molendinum, multam dans vinea vinum.*

The schoolmaster of the monastery kept a grammar school for five charity boys; he celebrated divine service three days a week in the chapel of the almonry, and three days in the chapel of the Virgin; and also taught the junior brethren every day for an hour and a half. He was boarded and fed, and had an annual gown and seventeen shillings and fourpence in silver; for performing service, twenty-six shillings and eightpence, seven monks' loaves, and seven gallons of the best ale without froth. One chamber in the Ely infirmary was known as Hell, and was probably a place of confinement for the refractory or the insane. Monastic rooms were sometimes called Heaven and Paradise. The number of monks at Ely was fixed by Bishop Northwold at seventy, but it seems seldom to have exceeded fifty.

At the Dissolution, the possessions of the monastery were estimated, according

to Speed, at one thousand three hundred and one pounds eight shillings and two pence. Nasmith, in his admirable edition of Bishop Tanner's "Notitia Monastica," thus sums up the spoil heaped together by Henry the Eighth in his profitable quarrel with the Pope: "By the suppression of the greater houses and three hundred and eighty others, Henry raised a revenue of two hundred thousand pounds a year, besides sacking one hundred thousand pounds in plate and jewels. By the one Act of 1548 he destroyed, at one stroke of the pen, ninety colleges, one hundred and ten hospitals, and two thousand three hundred and seventy-four chantries and free chapels. On the other hand, he turned thirteen droning and mischievous monasteries into cathedrals, viz.: Canterbury, Winchester, Durham, Worcester, Rochester, Norwich, Ely, and Carlisle." Mr. Nasmith decides that the religious houses, before this fatal blow, held about a tenth part of the landed property of England, and that their two hundred thousand pounds annual revenue, taking the rise and value of land, represented two millions of our present money.

Ely, like Durham, has a Galilee, or porch, which Eustace, the fifth bishop, rebuilt. It is one of the earliest specimens of the pointed style, and consists of two stories without windows, and on the outside it is adorned with four rows of arches and small marble pillars one above another. The traces of a roof on the north face of Ely tower prove the former existence of a transept on that side; and it is a singular and unaccountable fact in the history of Ely cathedral, that no information exists as to the fall or destruction of this transept, although, as Mr. Bentham supposes with reason, it could not have disappeared earlier than the reign of Henry the Fifth or Sixth, and the foundation of what we now see remaining was laid as late as the reign of Henry the Eighth.

THE FISHERMAN'S FUNERAL.

Up on the breezy headland the fisherman's grave they made,
Where, over the daisies and clover bells, the birchen
branches swayed;
Above us the lark was singing in the cloudless skies
of June,
And under the cliffs the billows were chanting their
ceaseless tune:
For the creamy line was curving along the hollow
shore,
Where the dear old tides were flowing that he would
ride no more.

The dirge of the wave, the note of the bird, and the
priest's low tone were blent
In the breeze that blew from the moorland, all laden
with country scent;
But never a thought of the new-mown hay tossing
on sunny plains,
Or of lilies deep in the wild wood, or roses gemming
the lanes,
Woke in the hearts of the stern bronzed men who
gathered around the grave,
Where lay the mate who had fought with them the
battle of wind and wave.

How boldly he steered the coble across the foaming
bar,
When the sky was black to the eastward and the
breakers white on the Scar!
How his keen eye caught the squall ahead, how his
strong hand furled the sail,
As we drove o'er the angry waters before the raging
gale!
How cheery he kept all the long dark night; and
never a parson spoke
Good words, like those he said to us, when at last
the morning broke!

So thought the dead man's comrades, as silent and
sad they stood,
While the prayer was prayed, the blessing said, and
the dull earth struck the wood;
And the widow's sob, and the orphan's wail, jarred
through the joyous air;
How could the light wind o'er the sea, blow on so
fresh and fair?
How could the gay waves laugh and leap, landward
o'er sand and stone,
While he, who knew and loved them all, lay lapped
in clay alone?

But for long, when to the beetling heights the snow-
tipped billows roll,
When the cod, and skate, and dogfish dart around
the herring shoal;
When gear is sorted, and sails are set, and the merry
breezes blow,
And away to the deep sea-harvest the stalwart
reapers go,
A kindly sigh, and a hearty word, they will give to
him who lies
Where the clover springs, and the heather blooms,
beneath the northern skies.

THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART-NEEDLEWORK.

In these schools an art is taught to poor
gentlewomen that would almost make its
visitors wish to be poor gentlewomen, so
that they might be taught it, and get it
done. There are beautiful colours, there
are beautiful shades of colours, there are
beautiful fabrics, beautiful designs, beau-
tiful modes, and treatments, and tex-
tures, and appliances; the gentlewomen
approach their workroom through an en-
trance railed off from the beautiful Hor-
ticultural Gardens at South Kensington;
they pass by beautiful ferns, and mosses,
and grasses, as they descend an easy flight
of stairs; and if perfection, together with
the delight of it, can come from example,
from tone, or intangible atmosphere, into
these schools perfection ought always
to find its way. As terms of the highest

praise are the only fit terms in which to speak of the decorative needlework the pupils have exhibited, it may be at once set down that perfection is what the managers have aimed at; and that, in providing a thoroughly fresh and feminine field for the paid labours of gentlewomen, these managers have answered a loudly-reiterated question, and have resolved that a most excellent and desirable work shall resolutely be carried out.

Now, on the face of it, at the outset, the needlework announced to be taught in these new schools is decorative. That makes it costly; that makes it a luxury; that makes it available, at any rate on a large scale, only for the rich. All this must be clearly understood. A very much more complex matter is it to understand what decorative needlework of this sort is; to understand, that is, how crewels and floss silks, cleverly manipulated, can become high-art upholstery and furniture; can afford an infinity of various and ever-varying forms, for taste, and talent, and ingenuity; for these same royal schools, in short, to find expression in, and place, and motive, or *raison d'être*. The best way, broadly, to get an idea of this is to remember, also broadly, what it is to decorate a house, and what is the ordinary function of a decorator. A curtain, for example, is a curtain; so can any cloth, or hanging, or covering, be bought at a higher or lower price, as cloth, or hanging, or covering, and be nailed up, simple, and remain so. That is one plan of hiding away plain walls, and planks, and chair seats; of saving the rush of air from passages and doorways, from minuter cracks and crannies. But let this material be subjected to the skilful treatment practised in these schools, and it can be made into a work of art, into a genuine thing of beauty, by patience, industry, and the dexterous passage of the needle. Its value is enhanced a hundredfold, too; it is rendered an heirloom; certain to have centuries of life to it, a possession insuring care and veneration. A large folding-screen shall be cited as an instance. A large folding-screen, let it be pressed upon the attention; not an elegant plaything for the hand; not a hanging fire-shade, called, in a feudal way, a "banner," but a real piece of furniture, solid enough to stand in a vast reception-room, and part off into privacy a good-sized corner of it. Such a screen, being of simple stretched black satin, has so delicious a group of leaves and birds

worked upon each panel, that it is made as rare as the apparel Petruchio said he would go to Venice for, to do due honour to his Katharine's wedding-day. The leaves are broad and bold; life-size; two hands long, possibly, and as wide as the palm; the birds are storks, opening their grey wings, standing on their slim rose-pink legs, whilst they nestle against the plants, and preen their feathers with their slender bills. Beautiful effect is gained by these plants and birds being of velvet "appliqué," sewn on to the satin by some edge or cord. Another screen, lent by the Duchess of Newcastle, is quite as chaste, and costly, and artistic. The groundwork of the panels of this appears to be a diaper of gold. It is really amber-coloured manufactured silk, with a tiny diamond pattern woven into it; and on this fabric the pupils have embroidered (in silk) a delicate trail of autumn leaves, bearing russet berries, and being relieved, at intervals, by scarlet and orange butterflies. A third screen, with a background only of Bath-rubber, or a kind of woolly Russian "crash," would take a great many less bank-notes to pay for it, and yet by the grace of its embroidery (each panel has a trail of flame-coloured nasturtiums, worked in crewel) it could find fit place in the apartments of a queen. Hangings, too, both for curtains and portières, are excellent examples of how richness can have richness added to it by the beautiful workmanship executed in these schools. The Duke of Westminster lends a set of curtains, to which the eye is at once attracted. The material is drab, or fawn, silk; and it is enriched, all over, by great iris flowers, by splendid roses and convolvuluses, all in "proper" colours and in silk, and kept together by a tracery of stalk or stem, and a charming variety of naturally-formed leaves. Some hangings of crimson satin, lent by Countess Cowper, are of similar design and magnificence, and not less noticeable. Others are of brown velvet, embroidered in coloured wool; of cream-coloured silk (worked for Lady Musgrave), also in wool; and there is a set, of velvet, the property of Lord Wharcliffe, remarkable for having the embroidery confined to the border, which is, however, of bold conception, a foot wide, perhaps, and consisting of massive sunflowers, each head as vigorous and lifeful as if it were rearing itself against a sunny wall. But perhaps the most superb curtains exhibited are a pair of costly crimson velvet, worked with a deep margin, and a monogram for the

centre-piece, in gold. These are regal. They are no "unreverent robes." They remind of Gremio's "basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands;" of his

Hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;
His arras, counterpoints;
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies;
Fine linen; Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl;
Valance of Venice gold in needlework.

Certainly, for no homely house, to use Richard Plantagenet's words, are these rich hangings. And yet, on close examination, the gold that edges them, as in the case of the gold in her Grace of Newcastle's folding-screen, is not gold at all, but manufactured silk. This is laid on the velvet (appliqué), kept within the artist's limits by a sewn cord; another example of which appliqué-work is given in some crimson damask-satin hangings belonging to the Duchess of Buccleuch. These have a border of "patines of bright gold," laid on white satin, relieved by massive sprays of leaves and flowers in crimson velvet; and they, as well as the other examples enumerated, give excellent testimony to the value of design, and contrast, and appliance; to the beauty, too, of the feminine art this Royal School of Art-Needlework, with so much taste and wise benevolence, is established to teach and to revive.

In the matter of superb coverings for tables, also, the school is strong. Lord Calthorpe lends one of dark blue velvet, embroidered in amber and blue, and deeply fringed. There are some of various-coloured satins; and there are many specimens of borders, already worked, to be sewn round any velvet or satin to be desired. One of these, lent by Lady Marion Alford, is of velvet laid on to satin, and embroidered in floss silk; others are of fine white linen, cut to a delicate tracery, like Spanish lace, and bound round every edge with gold thread. Nothing could well be more elegant or expensive than these—a background of red silk, or amber silk, showing up the pattern most effectively. They are all, however, of immense price; suitable only for a home whose mistress

Sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,

Bearing a duke's revenues on her back.

The very train of her worst wearing gown
Better worth than all my father's lands.

And they must not be mentioned without a companion statement that there are other materials and other styles of work that can be supplied at much less cost. There are

white serge, or camlet; table-cloths (to mention a few) with a margin only, of embroidery, worked in coloured wool; there is a cloth of fenille-morte, or sage, edged with a band of white cloth, and that embroidered with bold yellow flowers; another of these has a band of darker velvet, lightened by a wreath of great white daisies conventionally treated; and there are cloths of serge, banded with other serge, of deeper or paler tone; there are white "huckabacks" bordered with crimson twill, bearing scarcely any embroidery at all. Indeed, to beautify for the mere sake of beauty, and to take ordinary materials to work this magic upon, are the legitimate labours of decoration; are, most especially, the legitimate labours of the thousands of unemployed and cultivated English women, anxious to decorate their own or other people's homes; and these have not been overlooked by the patronesses and council of the South Kensington School. One way in which this is shown is on a small piece of drugget lying on their exhibition floor. It is just a foot-stand on coming out of the bath, perhaps; an oblong piece, twelve inches by eighteen, of the common "duffel" grey; its cost, a few pence. A gentlewoman's hand has taken this uninviting material (which would lie about an unthrifty house, to get "dog's-eared" or kicked heedlessly away), a gentlewoman's sense of beauty has been applied to it, and it has a "button-hole" edge of rich claret worsted, a worked band an inch or two within this, and a centre-piece of thick leaves and flowers. Similar treatment has given value to a bath blanket, which is prettily, but very easily, embroidered all round with scarlet wool; and has "repair'd with double riches" some common drugget used to keep draughts from open doorways, and called, technically, portières. The worsted used to embellish these is coarse and cheap; the patterns are wide apart and bold; but there is the material improved, by many times, in price, and forming an object that the eye is glad to see. Strips of embroidered linen, to be sewn round washing-dresses, are shown in the school, too, a hand wide, and as many yards long as may be required. The embroidery is in colours; it can be seen at once to be a work of art by hand, not machine-facture; and from having a ground of linen, not cotton, it would remain a work of art after even half a century of laundresses' wear and tear. Cushion-covers approach, again, more nearly to the ordinary "fancy-work" En-

glish women are apt to do. There are plenty at South Kensington; yet, such as there are, resemble in no way the "boarding-school" work that is prevalent, and that requires no particular art-sense from its workers, and no marked cultivation of brain. The covers exhibited are, some of them, of white satin, with a delicious gathering of blue forget-me-nots; others, of olive satin, with bouquets in "proper" colours, harmoniously treated, though not confined to one sort of flower. There is art in these designs, too, it must be remembered. They are not blotches of colour, unnaturally "shaded," growing out of nowhere, printed and stamped, to be reproduced by the score. They proclaim the same tender perceptions in the designer as are known to be in the mind of the painter of a delicate picture; of the composer of an ennobling and graceful melody. And, though the designer is not the worker (for art-masters of well-proved skill give their aid to the essential particular of design), the gentlewomen who wield the needle bear the same relation to the designers as the engraver does to the painter, the player to the creative musician; and, unless the art-sense of an interpreter be in sympathy with the originator, unless the finger have a dainty touch, it is well known that the best creation suffers, and has a very bare result.

Notice of these Royal Schools would not be complete without a word about some chair-covers worked for the Empress of Russia. They are of satin, a very dark green; and each one bears a bouquet of floss-silk flowers. In a case near to these is a design for a folding-screen, for the Princess of Wales; in course of execution, it may be presumed, or in that completer condition, "sent home," since only the artist's drawing is shown, with the colours he recommends. A design, from the hand of Princess Louise, has an interest of its own. It is a large white lily and lily leaves, arranged for repetition and as a border, some nine or ten inches wide, for hangings, it may be, and table-coverings, en suite. Princess Helena goes farther still in practical co-operation with the aims of the school. Her Royal Highness, being the president, and taking a prominent part in Council and Committee, shows a piece of her own embroidery. It is a geometric pattern, worked on black satin, in scarlet and amber silk.

O that thou knew'st
The royal occupation! Thou should'st see
A workman in 't!

comes into the mind naturally, in contemplating this. And her Majesty the Queen, it must be added, is not unrepresented. In another case there is a robe, or jupe, exhibited, which is being prepared for her Majesty's own wear. The material is black satin; it is cut "rasé," the queen's lady-subjects will be interested to hear (which means it is to shave the ground, in pretty French descriptiveness, not to sweep it); it is quilted and wadded; with a running pattern, floriated, covering it entirely, and making it of consistent elegance and price. "The king's daughter . . . shall be brought unto the king in raiment of needlework. . . . Thy raiment was of silk and brodered work." It is all good; it is all queenly, and, what is more to the purpose, womanly; and it reopens, under most favourable conditions, a large field in which women's labour can never have masculine competition, and which woman has always had entirely for her own. Much to be congratulated, also, are poor gentlewomen at having royal ladies over them who know their wants, and their sensibilities, and cultivation; who have, too, thus allied themselves to bring a beautiful art into new prominence and demand, for the very wise and benevolent reason that it is entirely within gentlewomen's compass, and must, for its own sake, be thoroughly congenial to them. England has, whether happily or unhappily, women who must work; England has women who will work; women who have culture, and courage, and the resolution to overcome the disagreeablenesses of work, the physical fatigue of it, its mental annoyance and ignoble strain; it only remained, therefore, to find the right work fitted for these women, to give it dignity, to create a taste for it, to bring it to the market, and offer it at a price. And, since the Royal School of Art-Needlework has stepped in precisely to effect all this, and seems to have discovered a right royal road (at last) in which it may all be effected, nothing has to be said beyond a good hope that it will have strength, and health, and a long prosperity.

In these columns,* the idea of the women of the present day reverting to the art-needlework of their ancestresses has been advocated before. It is true such advocacy was to the point of the beautiful and durable industry being cultivated as a pleasure, not as a means of bread; but

* See ALL THE YEAR ROUND, August 16th, 1873, "Ancient Needlework."

the fact of its being cultivated as a means of earning money does not touch the beauty, and the womanliness, and the desirability, however; and, in fact, gives every argument used then the same force now, and more. An immense opening exists in art-needlework, too, leading the women of the present day leagues and leagues beyond their ancestresses. Everything that civilisation lacked centuries ago, civilisation glories in now; and this must bring as new an aspect to this art as it has brought to other arts elsewhere. The mere action of mind upon mind, by people getting quickly to each other owing to convenience of locomotion; by people seeing what other people have done; the bold eye learning from the quaint; the pale treatment blossoming from admixture with the rich; the too-hard hand recognising the beauty and the bounty of the free; the mere fact of people being brought acquainted with other uses, with other fabrics and materials, with other forms, must have an immense effect, in the end, on the art-needlework of to-day, as compared with the art-needlework of centuries bygone; and it will be well that this should be actively borne in recollection by the council of the Royal Schools. One curious fact about this inevitable growth and alteration is, that the precise way of it cannot be foretold. Like other growths, it is growth, not fabrication, and it must be left to the development of time. Let the council, being sure it will come, be on the watch for it, that is all; and let them go on all the more hopefully with their labours, knowing that, though they plant for only one sort of fruit, others will come, no less necessary and nourishing; and that these fruits will be their fruits, and should not be looked upon as unexpected or alien.

One result from the establishment of schools for art-needlework is perhaps so manifest, it may as well at once be pointed out. If the art be good for gentlewomen, it will be good for other women, not born gentle, but perhaps as cultivated, as full of patience and art-feeling, as necessitous. Needlework is classic. Josiah brake down the houses near by the house where the women wove hangings; Solomon decked a bed with coverings of tapestry, with carved work, with fine linen of Egypt; set a woman far above rubies who laid her hands to the spindle, who made herself and her household coverings of tapestry, and silk, and scarlet; Moses wished for hangings of fine twined linen, wrought

with needlework; Valeria found Volumina and Virgilia "manifest housekeepers," and did what she could to make them "play the idle housewife" with her for an afternoon. "What, are you sewing here? Come, lay aside your stitchery! I would your cambric were as sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity!" Anne Hathaway must have used her needle resolutely; with, possibly, somewhat too persistent and too flippant will; how otherwise could Shakespeare have written so humorously:

What is this? A sleeve? . . .
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple tart,
With snip, and nip, and cut, and slash, and slash!

And with all this evidence of the adherence of women to ornamentation by the needle, let the council of the Royal School of Art-Needlework congratulate themselves heartily if they are the means of the art being cultivated much more largely than it could be within their walls, and if it reaches all over the country, and is practised by women of all grades. Some comic satisfaction may come to the council, too, anent a new species of what may be called Benefit of Clergy. Nineteenth-century young ladies have been in the habit of inundating bachelor and favourite curates with braces and slippers, worked on canvas, in "lovely" Berlin wool. If, after this loan exhibition, young ladies (without the prospect of immediate recompense for it) will embroider bath foot-stands, bath blankets, borders for table-covers and hangings, and panels for folding-screens, they may be quite sure their presents will be very much more useful and acceptable than they are now, and the Royal School of Art-Needlework may be thanked for having brought about a very practical, albeit it may be an utterly unintended, revolution.

REMARKABLE ADVENTURERS.

CASANOVA.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER V. OUT OF THE WORLD.

THE fatal command, "Up and be-gone!" softened by a donation of a thousand ducats from the king of Poland, proved but the first of a long series of similar affronts—minus the ducats. Even the warmest admirers of adventurous life, and the most able professors of the noble art of living on one's wits, must confess that, unless lead, steel, or hemp intervene, a time must come when the best artist

will find that he has pretty well covered the map of this world with the fame of his deeds, and, like a Newgate Alexander, must sigh for new worlds to swindle. Now fame is all very well in its way, but this particular kind of fame is more likely than any other to leave its possessor without a shoe to his foot. No sooner does a too celebrated adventurer arrive in a town than a disposition is shown to kick him out of it, and the slightest pretext suffices for an order to quit, then and there. The ghosts of his misdeeds confront him at every turn. Happy hunting-grounds, once filled with ready dupes, are drawn in vain. The hunter is, alas for him! all too celebrated. The twang of his long-bow is a too familiar sound. Impertinent people tell him with a sneer that he is "known." Let him but clap his hand on his sword, it is enough. Down come the police with the usual chorus, "Up and begone!" and all the work has to be begun over again.

In the smaller German towns Casanova fared not badly after his expulsion from Poland. At Leipzig, Dresden, and Schwerin he came to no particular grief, and found time to cane an editor at Cologne; but a slight scrape at Vienna was quite enough to bring the Austrian police down upon him.

Count Schrottembach sends a messenger to bring the Venetian before him. They jump into Casanova's carriage—he still keeps his carriage—and soon arrive at the governor's office. This gentleman "of remarkable obesity" calls Casanova to him, and showing him a watch, says:

"You see what o'clock it is. Well, if you are inside Vienna at the same hour to-morrow, I will have you flung out of it by my agents."

"What have I done, sir, to bring upon me so severe an order?"

"To begin with, you have no right to ask questions, and I owe you no account of my actions. Nevertheless, I may tell you that you would have been left in peace if you had not infringed the laws of the empire, which forbid games of hazard and send swindlers to the galleys. Do you know this purse?"

Casanova explains that his purse has been stolen from him. Count Schrottembach merely laughs and continues:

"I know your inventive genius, and why and how you left Warsaw, so prepare to leave Vienna."

Casanova blusters in vain, and invoking

his familiar genius—not Paralis, but Impudence—writes to Prince Kaunitz, solicits an interview, and is recommended to petition the empress. The Venetian ambassador, of course, will say nothing for an escaped state prisoner. Nevertheless he "falls on his feet," and secures the protection of Count Witzthum, the Saxon envoy, who tells him to write his petition at once. In an ill-inspired moment he pens the following remarkable document:—

"TO HER MAJESTY THE EMPRESS-QUEEN.

"MADAM,—If an insect, about to be crushed by your imperial and royal foot, implored your mercy, I am convinced that your majesty would spare the poor creature. I am that insect, and I intreat you, madam, to order the governor, the Count Schrottembach, to wait but one week before crushing me with your majesty's slipper. At the expiration of that time it is probable that the count would be unable to do me any injury; it is possible even that at that time your majesty may have withdrawn from him the redoubtable slipper that you have intrusted to him to crush evil-doers, and not an honest and peaceable Venetian, who, notwithstanding his flight from the Piombi, has always respected the laws.

"21st Jan., 1767.

CASANOVA."

This extraordinary mixture of impertinence and servility produces the effect which might have been anticipated. Count Witzthum advising, the Venetian makes off to Augsburg, swearing vengeance against Austria, and resolving to hang one Porchini—to whom he owed the entire "trouble"—with his own hands. Pushing on to Paris, the same "fatality" pursues him. Behold him walking peaceably enough in a concert-room, near the orangery of the Tuileries. He is quite alone, looking somewhat middle-aged, but dressed as gaily as ever, in all the colours of the rainbow. Suddenly he hears his own name, and forgetting the proverb, listens to the conversation between a very young man and a party of ladies. The youth is telling how Casanova has cost him a million, by robbing the late Madame d'Urfé of it—no very great exaggeration if the young gentleman were the heir of that infatuated lady. Casanova goes up to the "calumniator," threatens to kick him, and makes a scene. Next morning a chevalier of St. Louis waits upon him with an order, "in the king's name," to quit Paris in twenty-four hours. The reason assigned is simply

the "will and pleasure" of his majesty, and the document concludes with the words, "wherefore, I pray God that he may have you in his holy keeping." Furious Casanova obtains a delay of a few days, and then sets off for Spain, well supplied with money, and furnished, moreover, with a letter from the Princess Lubomirska, a friend of Madame de Romain, to Count Aranda, president of the Council of Castile, and "more of a king than the king himself." To this famous statesman—the expeller of the Jesuits from Spanish soil—a man of the highest capacity, and, moreover, a man of pleasure, but of an exterior absolutely hideous, not to say disgusting. Casanova presents his letter, finding the count at his toilet. Aranda "looks him over" from head to foot, and commences ominously.

"Why have you come to Spain?"

"To acquire information, my lord."

"You have no other object?"

"None—save to put my humble talents at the service of your highness."

"You do not need my protection to live in peace. Attend to the police regulations and nobody will interfere with you. As for employment, apply to your ambassador. It is his business to present you, for we do not know you."

Unfortunate Casanova is driven to explain that he and the Grand Seignior are not on the best of terms, and hears that, in that case, nothing can be done for him. Nothing abashed, he tries the Neapolitan ambassador, the Duke Lassada, favourite of the king, but without avail. They all refer him to the Venetian ambassador. Writing to his friend Dandolo at Venice, for a few lines of recommendation to Mocenigo, he presents himself in due course, and is received by Gaspardo Soderini, "a man of wit and talent," who at once remarks on the "great liberty" Casanova has taken in appearing before him.

"Don't you know, signor, that you are forbidden to set foot on Venetian territory? Now this embassy is Venetian territory!"

Mocenigo, in fact, is very glad to know him as a private acquaintance, but cannot be brought to recognise him publicly. As usual, Casanova gets into trouble before long, is locked up at Buen Retiro, but contrives to get out of prison quickly, only to undergo incarceration in the citadel of Barcelona. Shaking Spanish dust off

his feet, he again visits Rome, Bologna, and Ancona, but finds that good fortune has left him with his youth. His position in the world is no longer pleasant. Money is getting scarce. His allies and protectors are dead. He is getting old, and finds himself almost at the end of his tether, without profession, position, or capital. The great cities of Europe are closed to him, and the police everywhere on the alert. The great adventurer sees at last the evil of his ways, and determines to strain what little influence he has left to him, to get himself restored to his rights as a Venetian citizen. To this end he fixes his head-quarters at Trieste, and by rendering service to his government, earns various subsidies, in hard cash, and a small pension. At last his efforts are crowned with success, and in 1775, at the age of fifty, he is permitted to return to Venice.

The life of this extraordinary man now becomes for several years a complete blank. What he did during the eight years between 1775 and 1783, when he again quitted his "ungrateful country," is unknown, save that he wrote a book on the Polish question, then occupying a large space in public opinion. For some unexplained reason he again left Venice, never to return, and as the renown of his exploits had died out or been effaced by those of Cagliostro, he again visited Paris, only to find his former friends dead or poor. Nevertheless, we find him on excellent terms with his countrymen abroad. At dinner one day at the ambassador's he meets a certain Count Waldstein, nephew of the Prince de Ligne, and greatly interested in the magical nonsense, which, thanks to Cagliostro and others, is a common topic of conversation in learned society. Waldstein talks of divination, the key of Solomon Agrippa, and so forth. Casanova bursts out with "Cospetto! to whom do you speak of these matters? To me, Casanova, it is an old story. I know all about it."

Waldstein is delighted to find an adept, and cries, "Come and live with me in Bohemia. I start to-morrow."

At the end of his resources, old, poor, weary of going up and down in the earth, and to and fro in it, the way-worn, battered adventurer jumps at the offer, and is installed as librarian to Count Waldstein at the castle of Dux, near Tœplitz, there to pass, on the modest income of a thousand florins per annum, the last fourteen years of a stormy life. "During six summers,"

writes the Prince de Ligne, "he made me happy by his wonderful imagination—as lively as if he were but twenty years of age—by his enthusiasm for me, and his agreeable instruction."

It must not be imagined, however, that in the quiet retreat which the kindness of Count Waldstein provided for him the fiery old Italian could not succeed in raising a storm. On the contrary, his vivid imagination and equally lively temper made the castle of Dux almost uninhabitable. To begin with, he could not speak either German or Bohemian, and never wearied of cursing the natives for ignorant barbarians, incapable of appreciating a savant of his rank. Hardly a day passed without an altercation between the steward or some of the servants and the learned librarian. The cook had spoiled his "polenta," or ruined the dish of macaroni he always insisted upon, or burnt his coffee; the chief coachman had given him a rash and careless driver to take him to visit the Prince de Ligne; the dogs had barked during the night and disturbed his excellency the librarian; unexpected guests had arrived at the castle, and Casanova had been obliged to dine at a side table; the hunting-horns had played out of tune; the parson had tried to convert him; the count had not met him cordially; the soup had been served too hot; the footman had passed him over in serving the wine; he had not been presented to a person of quality who had come to see the lance which pierced the great Waldstein; the key of the arsenal had been not lost but hidden, out of pure spite; the count had lent a book without notifying him; a groom had forgotten to touch his hat to him. The guests, too, were nearly as bad as the servants, and were ill-mannered enough to laugh at the poor old broken-down adventurer, who fancied himself the possessor of the true "grand manner." He tried to speak German rather than remain silent; but his smooth Venetian tongue floundered over Teutonic gutturals and aspirates. The guests could not understand him; he got into a passion, and they laughed consumedly. He spouted his French verses—poor old man—and they laughed still more. He gesticulated wildly while declaiming his Italian verses, and they laughed again. On entering a room he made his best bow, still in the grand manner taught him by Marcel, the famous dancing-master, sixty years before, and they laughed still more.

He walked through a minuet according to tradition, and laughter broke out again. He put his white plume in his hat, donned his gold embroidered coat, his ample velvet waistcoat, his garters with paste buckles over his silk stockings, and the rude guests held their sides. "Cospetto!" he roared, "you are all 'canaille;' you are all Jacobins. You insult the count, and the count insults me by not resenting your infamous behaviour." Then he attacked the count himself. "Sir, I have fought and wounded the grand general of Poland. I was not born a gentleman, but I have made myself one." The count laughed—another injury. One fine morning the count enters his room with two pairs of pistols, uttering never a word, and dying to laugh outright. Casanova weeps, embraces him, and cries, "Shall I kill my benefactor? Oh! che bella cosa!" He checks his tears, fancying the count may think he is frightened, accepts the pistols, hands them back, striking an attitude like a dancing-master, weeps again, and talks magic, cabala, and macaroni. Complaints pour in from villagers that the old man is too fond of gossiping with their daughters. The villagers are probably in the right, for we know the customs, not to say manners, of the Signor Casanova, and can picture the wicked old roué tottering about on his high red heels and leering at the country girls with his rheumy eyes, like a superannuated satyr. Bohemian parents understand him not, abhor the outlandish old rascal, and "cry haro" upon him. He says they are detestable democrats. He gives a nickname to the neighbouring abbey of Osseg, gets into trouble with the monks, and drags the count into the quarrel. He gives himself indigestion, and complains that he is poisoned. He is "spilt" out of a carriage, and says it is the work of Jacobins. He gets materials on credit at the count's cloth factory, and says the people are disrespectful when they call for the money.

His deadliest enemy at Dux was a certain Faulkinher, steward of Count Waldstein. This personage, whose name reads like Faulconer badly spelt, tried every possible device to get Casanova out of the castle, and led the peppery old fellow a terrible life. The count himself stood by Casanova, so far as reason and common sense would permit, but in his absence his steward "persecuted" the librarian, who was, no doubt, a disagreeable tenant enough.

So long as Casanova drew his salary regularly, he kept his own private table in the count's absence, and paid his way, but a terrible disaster at Leipzig, in which Casanova was concerned, with his publishers, to the extent of four thousand florins, having compelled him to renounce half of his little income, he found it impossible to eat alone in solitary grandeur, and was fain to share the table of the count's upper servants. This was a terrible blow, the more especially as a stud-groom was admitted to sit near Casanova. This fellow appears to have been of a humorous turn. Stealing a book of Casanova's, he abstracted the portrait frontispiece, enriched it with opprobrious epithets, and stuck it up in the marketplace. The storm was tremendous, but the bitterest sarcasms fell blunted from the thick hides of Casanova's tormenters. At last these persecutions wear out his patience. Adopting his usual expression, "It is the will of God," or "God wills it," he declares himself about to quit Dux. He asks the Prince de Ligne for letters of recommendation to the Grand Duke of Weimar, his particular friend; for the Grand Duchess of Saxe-Gotha, whom he does not know; and for the Berlin Jews. He sets out on the sly, leaving a farewell letter for Waldstein—tender, proud, candid, and irritated. Waldstein only laughs, and says he will be sure to come back. Forgetting his nearly seventy years, the veteran sets out with all the hopefulness of youth, but is doomed to have his spirits speedily and cruelly dashed. He is kept kicking his heels in ante-chambers. Nobody will give him a place, either as tutor, librarian, or chamberlain; he says, everywhere in season, and out of season, that the Germans are a stupid people. The excellent and amiable Grand Duke of Weimar receives him cordially enough, but he immediately becomes jealous of Goethe and Wieland, the famous protégés of the grand duke, and declaims against them and the literature of the country. At Berlin he thunders against the ignorance, the superstition, and the rascality of the Jews, to whom he is recommended; but, nevertheless, borrows money of them, and draws bills of exchange on his long-suffering patron, Count Waldstein, who only laughs, pays the money, and embraces the ancient prodigal, when, after six weeks' absence, he comes back to Dux, penitent and proud, laughing and weeping by turns, equally amusing when

seriously complaining of his "humiliation," as when pouring out torrents of lively sarcasms on the *Tedeschi*. Poor old boy! He is only too glad to bring back his Herculean frame, his ever-youthful vivacity, his Homeric appetite, and a stock of good stories to tell his friends Waldstein and De Ligne. On their side they are charmed with him, and like him better than ever after that last bath in the rushing tide of the outer world, which has brightened him into a semblance of his former self. All goes smoothly for a week, but, alas! at the expiration of that period misfortunes and vexations recommence. At dessert there are strawberries. The villanous lackeys, out of spite, hand them to everybody before Casanova, and when the dish reaches him it is empty. Worse than this; he one morning misses his portrait out of his room, and imagining it to have been carried off by one of his admirers, is in a delightful frame of mind till he finds it nailed up behind a stable-door.

Thus drag on the dreary years which precede dissolution. In a strange land, far from fallen Venice, her wayward son sinks slowly into the grave, bitterly regretting his once superb physical strength, and occasionally admitting to himself that his life has been made up of splendid opportunities recklessly flung away. About the commencement of the present century he fades out altogether. It is gratifying to find that he made an edifying end.

A CHARMING FELLOW.

BY FRANCES ELIZABETH TROLLOPE.

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE," "MABEL'S PROGRESS," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XXVI.

In the first week of August Mrs. Errington returned to Whitford. She had got over her annoyance at not having been intrusted sooner with the news of Algernon's engagement to Miss Kilfinane. By dint of telling her friends so, she had at last persuaded herself that she had been in the secret all along; and, if she felt any other mortifications and disappointments connected with her son's marriage, she kept them to herself. But it is probable that she did not keenly feel any such. She was not sensitive; and she did believe that, by connecting himself so nearly with Lord Seely's family, Algernon was advancing his prospects of success in the world. These sources

of comfort, combined with an excellent digestion, and the perennial gratification of contemplating her own claims to distinction as contrasted with those of her neighbours, kept the worthy lady in good spirits, and she returned to Whitford in a kind of full blow of cheerfulness and importance.

Her reception there, at the outset, was, however, far from being what she had looked forward to. She had written to Rhoda, announcing the day and hour of her arrival, and requesting that James Maxfield should meet her at the Blue Bell Inn, where the coach stopped, with a fly for the conveyance of herself and her luggage to her old quarters. Mrs. Errington had not previously written to Rhoda from Westmoreland, but she had forwarded to her, at different times, two copies of the *Applethwaite Advertiser*. In one of these journals a preliminary announcement of Algernon's marriage had appeared, under the heading of "Alliance in High Life." In the second, there was an account of the wedding, and the breakfast, and the rejoicings in the village of Long Fells, which did much credit to the imaginative powers of the writer. According to the *Applethwaite Advertiser*, the ceremony had been imposing, the breakfast sumptuous, and the village demonstrations enthusiastic.

Mrs. Errington had bought twenty copies of the newspaper for distribution among her friends; and she pleased herself with thinking how grateful the Maxfields would be to her for sending them the papers with the interesting paragraphs marked in red ink. She also looked forward with much complacency to having Rhoda for a listener to all her narrations about the wedding and life at Long Fells, and the great people whom she had met there. Rhoda was such a capital listener! And then, besides and beyond all that, Mrs. Errington was fond of Rhoda, and had more motherly warmth of feeling for her than she had as yet attained to for her new daughter-in-law.

Mrs. Errington's head was stretched out of the coach-window as the vehicle clattered up the archway of the Blue Bell Inn. It was about seven o'clock on a fine August evening, and there was ample light enough for the traveller to distinguish all the familiar features of the streets through which she passed. "James will be standing in the inn-yard ready to receive me," she thought; "and I suppose the fly will

be waiting at the corner by the booking-office. I wonder whether the driver will be the lame old man or young Simmons?" She was still debating this question when the coach turned sharply round under the archway, and stopped in the great rambling yard of the old-fashioned Blue Bell Inn.

Mrs. Errington got down unassisted, James Maxfield was not there. She looked round in bewilderment, standing hot, dusty, and tired in the yard, where, after a bustling waiter had tripped up to her to ask if she wanted a room, and tripped away again, no one took any heed of her.

A fly was not to be had in Whitford at a moment's notice. After waiting for some ten minutes, Mrs. Errington found there was nothing for it but to walk to her lodgings. She left her luggage in the coach-office to be called for, and set out carrying a rather heavy hand-bag, and hurrying through the streets at a pace much quicker than her usual dignified rate of moving. She wished not to be seen and recognised by any passing acquaintance under circumstances so unfavourable to an impressive or triumphant demeanour.

Arrived at Jonathan Maxfield's house, the aspect of things was not much improved. Betty Grimshaw opened the door, and stared in surprise on seeing Mrs. Errington. She had not been expected. Mr. Maxfield was over at Duckwell at his son's farm. James was busy in the storehouse. And as for Rhoda, she was away on a visit to Miss Bodkin, at the seaside, and had been for some weeks. A letter? Oh, if a letter had come for Rhoda, her father would have sent it on to her. It was a two days' post from where she was to Whitford. And the newspapers? Betty did not know. She had not seen them. Her brother-in-law had had them, she supposed. Yes; she had heard that Mr. Algernon was married, or going to be married. The servants from Padcombe Hall had spoken of it when they came into the shop. Jonathan had not said anything on the subject, as far as she knew. Mrs. Errington knew what Jonathan was. He never was given to much conversation. And it was Betty's opinion, delivered very frankly, that Jonathan grew crustier and closer as he got older. But wouldn't Mrs. Errington like a cup of tea? Betty would have the kettle boiling in a few minutes.

Mrs. Errington felt rather forlorn, as she entered her old sitting-room and looked around her. It was trim and neat indeed, and spotlessly clean; but it had the chill, repellent look of an uninhabited apartment. The corner cupboard was locked, and its treasure of old china hidden from view. Algernon's books were gone from the shelf above the piano. A white cloth was spread over the sofa, and the hearth-rug was turned upside down, displaying a grey lining, instead of the gay-coloured scraps of cloth.

She missed Rhoda. She had become accustomed to Algernon's absence from the familiar room; but Rhoda's absence made a blank in it, that was depressing. And perhaps Mrs. Errington herself was surprised to find how dreary the place looked, without the girl's gentle face and modest figure. She gladly accepted Betty Grimshaw's invitation to take her tea downstairs in the comfortable, bright kitchen, instead of alone in the melancholy gentility of her own sitting-room. Betty was as wooden-faced, and grim, and rigid in her aspect as ever. But she was not unfriendly towards her old lodger. And, moreover, she was entirely respectful in her manner, holding it as a fixed article of her faith that "gentlefolks born" were intended by Providence to be treated with deference, and desiring to show that she herself had been trained to becoming behaviour under the roof of a person of quality.

It was little more than nine o'clock when Mrs. Errington rose to go to bed, being tired with her journey. As she did so, she said, "Mrs. Grimshaw, will you get James to send a hand-cart for my luggage in good time to-morrow?"

"Oh, your luggage?" returned Betty. "Well, do you think it is worth while to send for it, if you're not going to stay?"

Mrs. Errington was so much astonished by this speech, that she sat down again on the chair she had just quitted. Then, after a minute's pause, her mind, which did not move very rapidly, arrived at what she supposed to be the explanation of Betty's words. "Oh, I see," she said; "you took it for granted that, on my son's marriage, I should leave you and join him. But it is not so, my good soul. My daughter-in-law has implored me to live with them, but I have refused. It is better for the young people to be by themselves; and I prefer my own inde-

pendence also. No, my good Mrs. Grimshaw, I shall remain in my old quarters until Mr. Algernon leaves Whitford for good. And perhaps, even then, I may not give you up altogether, who knows?"

Betty hesitated for an instant before replying. "Then Jonathan has not said anything to you about giving up the rooms?"

"Good gracious, no! I have not heard from Mr. Maxfield at all!"

"I suppose he didn't expect you back quite so soon. And—there, I'm sure I won't take upon myself to speak for him. I shouldn't have got on with my brother-in-law all these years if I hadn't made it a rule to try for peace and quietness, and never interfere."

But Mrs. Errington persisting in her demand that Betty should explain herself more fully, the latter at length confessed that, during the past two or three weeks, Jonathan Maxfield had declared his intention of getting rid of his lodger, and of not letting the first floor of his house again. "Your sitting-room is to be kept as a kind of a drawing-room for Rhoda, as I understand Jonathan," said she.

A drawing-room for Rhoda! Mrs. Errington could not believe her senses. "Why, what is Mr. Maxfield thinking of?" she exclaimed.

"Oh, you don't know what a fuss Jonathan has been making lately about Rhoda! Before you went away, you know, ma'am, as he had begun to spend a deal of money on her clothes. And since then, more and more; it's been all his talk as Rhoda was to be a lady. The notion has got stuck fast in his head, and wild horses wouldn't drag it out."

Mrs. Errington rose very majestically. "I fear," she said, "I much fear, that I am responsible for this delusion of your brother-in-law. I have a little spoiled the girl, and taken too much notice of her. I regret it now. But, really, Rhoda is such a sweet creature that I don't know that I have been so very much to blame, either. It is true I have introduced her to my friends, and brought her forward a little beyond her station; but I little thought a man of Mr. Maxfield's common sense would have been so utterly led away by kindly-meant patronage."

"Well, I don't know as it's so much that, ma'am," returned Betty, in a matter-of-fact tone, "as it is that Jonathan has latterly been thinking a deal about his

money. And he knows money will do great things——”

“Money can never confer gentle birth, my good creature!”

“No, for sure, ma'am. That's what I say myself. I know my catechism, and I was brought up to respect my superiors. But, you see, Jonathan's heart is greatly set on his riches. He's a well-off man, is my brother-in-law; more so than many folks think. He's been a close man all his life. And, for that matter, he's close enough now in some things, and screws me down in the housekeeping pretty tight. But for Rhoda he seems to grudge nothing, and wants her to make a show and a splash, almost—if you can fancy such a thing of Jonathan! But there's no saying how men will turn out; not even the old ones. I'm sure I often and often thank my stars I've kept single—no offence to you, ma'am.”

Mrs. Errington went to bed in a bewildered frame of mind. Tired as she was, the news she had heard kept her awake for some time. Leave her lodgings! Leave old Max's house, which had been her home for so many years! It was incredible. And, indeed, before long she had made up her mind to resist old Max's intention of turning her out. “I shall give him a good talking to, to-morrow,” she said to herself. “Stupid old man! He really must not be allowed to make himself so absurd.” And then Mrs. Errington fell asleep.

But the next day old Max did not return to be talked to; nor the day after that. James Maxfield went over to Duckwell, and came back bringing a formal notice to Mrs. Errington to quit the lodgings, signed by his father.

“What does this mean, James?” asked Mrs. Errington, with much emphasis, and wide-open eyes. James did not know what it meant. He did not apparently much care, either. He had never been on very friendly terms with the Erringtons (having, indeed, come but seldom in contact with them during all the time they had lived under the same roof with him), and had, perhaps, been a little jealous in his sullen, silent way, of their petting of Rhoda. At all events, on the present occasion, he was not communicative nor very civil. He had performed his father's behests, and he knew nothing more. His father was not coming back home just yet. And James volunteered the opinion that he didn't mean to come back until Mrs. Errington should be gone.

All this was strange and disagreeable. But Mrs. Errington was not of an irritable or anxious temperament. And her self-complacency was of too solid a kind to be much affected even by ruder rubs than any which could be given by James Maxfield's uncouth bluntness. “I shall take no notice whatever of this,” she said, with serene dignity. “When your father comes back, I shall talk to him. Meanwhile, I have a great many important things to do.”

The good lady did in truth begin at once to busy herself in seeking a house for Algernon, and getting it furnished. There was but a month to make all arrangements in, and all Mrs. Errington's friends who could by any possibility be pressed into the service were required to assist her. The Docketts; Rose and Violet McDougall; Mrs. Smith, the surgeon's wife; and even Miss Chubb, were sent hither and thither, asked to write notes, to make inquiries, to have interviews with landlords, and to take as much trouble, and make as much fuss, as possible, in the task of getting ready an abode for Mr. and the Honourable Mrs. Algernon Errington.

A house was found without much difficulty. It was a small isolated cottage on the outskirts of the town, with a garden behind it which ran down to the meadows bordering the Whit; and was the very house, belonging to Barker the chemist, of which Mrs. Errington had written to her friend Mrs. Bodkin.

It was really a very humble dwelling. But the rent of it was quite as large as Algernon would be able to afford. Mrs. Errington said, “I prefer a small place for them. If they took a more pretentious house, they would be expected to entertain. And you know, my dear sir,” (or “madam,” as the case might be) “that there is a great mixture in Whitford society; and that would not suit my daughter-in-law, of course. You perceive that, don't you?” And then the person so addressed might flatter him or her self with the idea of belonging to the unmixed portion of society.

Indeed, this terrible accusation of being “mixed” was one which Mrs. Errington was rather fond of bringing against the social gatherings in Whitford. And she had once been greatly offended, and a good deal puzzled, by Mr. Diamond's asking her what objection there could be to that; and challenging her to point out

any good thing on earth, from a bowl of punch upwards, which was not "mixed!" But however this might be, no one believed at all that the mixture in Whitford society was the real reason for young Errington's inhabiting so small a house. They knew perfectly well that if Algernon's means had been larger, his house would have been larger also.

And yet, Mrs. Errington's flourish was not without its effect on some persons. They in their turn repeated her lamentations on the "mixture" to such of their acquaintances as did not happen to be also her acquaintances. And as there were very few individuals in Whitford either so eccentric, or so courageous, as Mr. Diamond, this mysterious mixture was generally acknowledged, with shrugs and head-shakings, to be a very great evil indeed.

At the end of about a fortnight, old Max one day reappeared in his own house, and marched upstairs to Mrs. Errington's sitting-room.

"Well, ma'am," said he, without any preliminary greeting whatsoever, "I suppose you understood the written notice to quit, that I sent you? But as my son James informs me that you don't seem to be taking any steps in consequence of it, I've come to say that you will have to remove out of my abode on the twenty-seventh of this month, and not a day later. So you can act according to your judgment in finding another place to dwell in."

Mrs. Errington was inspecting the contents of a packing-case which had been sent from London by Lady Seely. It contained, as her ladyship said, "some odds and ends that would be useful to the young couple." The only article of any value in the whole collection was a porcelain vase, which had long stood in obscurity on a side-table in Lord Seely's study, and would not be missed thence. Lady Seely, at all events, would not miss it, as she seldom entered the room; and therefore she had generously added it to the "odds and ends!"

Mrs. Errington looked up, a little flushed with the exertion of stooping over the packing-case, and confronted Mr. Maxfield. Her round, red full-moon face contrasted in a lively manner with the old man's grey, lank, harsh visage. The years, as they passed, did not improve old Max's appearance. And as soon as she beheld him, Mrs. Errington was convinced of

the justice of Betty Grimshaw's remark, that her brother-in-law seemed to have grown closer and crustier than ever of late.

"Why, Mr. Maxfield," said the lady, condescendingly, "how do you do? I have been wanting to see you. Come, sit down, and let us talk matters over."

Old Max stood in the doorway glaring at her. "I don't know, ma'am, as there's any matters I want to talk over with you," he returned. "You had better understand that I mean what I say. You'll find it more convenient to believe me at once, and to act accordin'."

"Do you mean to say that you intend to turn me out, Mr. Maxfield?"

"I have given you a legal notice to quit, ma'am. You needn't call it turning you out, unless you like."

He had begun to move away, when Mrs. Errington exclaimed, "But I really don't comprehend this at all! What will Rhoda think of it?"

Maxfield stopped, hesitatingly, with his hand on the banisters at the top of the landing. "Rhoda?" said he gruffly. "Oh, Rhoda has nothing to say to it, one way or t'other."

"But I want to have something to say to her! I assure you it was a great disappointment to me not to find Rhoda here on my return. I'm very fond of her; and shall continue to be so, as long as she merits it. It is not her fault, poor girl, if—other people forget themselves."

Maxfield took his hand off the banisters and turned round. "Since you're so fond of Rhoda," he said, with a queer expression on his sour old face, "you'll be glad to know where she is, and the company she's in."

"I know that she is at the seaside with my friends, Mrs. and Miss Bodkin."

"She is at the seaside with *her* friends, Mrs. and Miss Bodkin. Miss Minnie is a real lady, and she understands how to treat Rhoda, and knows that the Lord has made a lady of Rhoda by natur'."

Mrs. Errington stared in utter astonishment. The suspicion began to form and strengthen itself in her mind that the old man was positively out of his senses. If so, his insanity had taken an extremely unpleasant turn for her.

"I really was not prepared for being turned out of my lodgings after all these years," she said, reverting to the point that most nearly touched herself.

"I've not been prepared for a many

things as have happened after all these years. But I'm ready to meet 'em when they come."

"Well, but now, Mr. Maxfield, let us see if we cannot make an arrangement. If you have any different views about the rent, I——"

"The rent! What do you think your bit of a rent matters to me? I want the rooms for the use of my daughter, Miss Maxfield, and there's an end of it."

"Oh, he certainly cannot be in his right senses to address me in this manner!" thought Mrs. Errington.

Maxfield went on, "I see you've got a box of rubbish there, littering about the place. I give you warning not to unpack any more here, for out everything 'll have to go on the twenty-seventh of this month, as sure as my name's Jonathan Maxfield!"

"Mr. Maxfield! You are certainly forgetting yourself. Rubbish, indeed! These are a few—a very few—of the valuable wedding presents sent to my son and daughter by Lady Seely."

Old Max made a grating sound which was intended for a laugh, although his bushy grey eyebrows were drawn together in a heavy frown the while. Then he suddenly burst out in a kind of cold fury. "Pooh!" he cried. "Presents! Valuable presents! You don't deceive anybody by that! Look here—if the old carpet or any of the furniture in this room would be of any assistance to you, you can take it! I'll give it to you—a free gift! The place is going to be done up and new furnished for Miss Maxfield. Furnished handsome, fit for a young lady of property. Fit for a young lady that will have a sum o' money on the day she marries—if I'm pleased with her choice—as 'll make some folks' mouths water. It won't be reckoned by twenties, nor yet by hundreds, won't Miss Maxfield's fortin! You can take the old carpet, and mahogany table, and the high-backed chairs, and put 'em among your valuable presents. They're too old-fashioned for Miss Maxfield's drawing-room!" And with a repetition of the grating laugh, old Max tramped heavily downstairs, and was heard to bang the door of his own parlour.

Mrs. Errington sat motionless for nearly

a quarter of an hour, staring at the open door. "Mad!" she exclaimed at length, drawing a long breath. "Quite mad! But I wonder if there is any truth in what he says about Rhoda's money? Dear me, why she'll be quite a catch!"

MANY ARROWS IN THE QUIVER.

(POSTSCRIPT.)

Two correspondents have favoured us with hypothetical explanations of a puzzle connected with a passage in the first of the two articles bearing the above title. The passage (page 332) runs thus:—"In what sense are we to interpret an entry in the Gentleman's Magazine, to the effect that Mrs. Lilly, of Grantham, 'was twice mother of twenty-two children?' Either that there were forty-four babies at two births; or that she was twice married, and had in all twenty-two children. We prefer to believe the latter, although the words seem to imply the former." Our correspondents suggest a third explanation. One of them writes: "A similar saying is current here about the landlady of one of our inns. She had, at one time (not at one birth), nineteen children living. Two of them died, and, after their death, two more were born. She had thus, twice, nineteen children. When it is given as an unpunctuated sentence, it sounds as if she had given birth to thirty-eight." In a like sense our other correspondent writes: "I think the correct idea is the same as the following: On my father's farm in Wiltshire, the standing joke with one of the labourers was, that his wife had had fourteen children twice over. But it turned out that she had fourteen, one of whom died, making thirteen, and she then had another, thus making a total of fourteen twice."

It is very probable that the true solution of the Lilly mystery is here given.

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